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The 10th letter.



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Chapter 1 by AzJuan McGregor

There was once 10 letters in a large mansion waiting to be opened by a beloved wife from a husband. The wife never opened the letters knowing they were from the husband in the middle of a war in Vietnam. The letters were about how he was doing, the husband started to become worried after the 5th letter because his wife wouldn't reply. On the 10th letter he written to his wife he put a curse on it. If the letter would not be opened within the first 24 hours of arriving at its destination it would release a demon into the mansion. After the 10th letter the husband stop writing to his wife. He committed suicide, when the wife heard of this she immediately went to divorce her deceased husband. She was glad to hear the news about his death. She inherited all his money because they didn't have any kids. She was now the richest in the city(Miami, Florida), a billionaire. After a few weeks go by she starts to notice unusual things going on in the mansion. Every Monday she hear whispers saying

"Should've opened" **Echoes**

Chapter 2 by JM



Being a woman of a scientific mind, she thinks it's her conscience speaking--some audial

manifestation of guilt. Though she had fallen out of love with her husband years ago, they had shared many good times together. See more of Story Wars

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solitude and wealth, and with her husband's passing, she has attained that dream.

As the days turn into weeks, and the weeks into months, and as the voices never stop greeting her every Monday with the same words, she begins to believe that continuing to ignore the letters is causing irreparable damage to her psyche.

So she heads to their bedroom--well, her's now--and she retrieves a small shoebox from underneath the bed. The letters are already arranged in chronological order--the woman is nothing if not organized--so she plucks the first from the top of the pile and, using her thumbnail, opens the envelope.

Once, the letter contained the kind and loving words of her husband. Now, there is only this:

It's Too Late Now.

Chapter 3 by Maria C. S.



Her nail began to rot, slowly curling back into her paling skin, breaking in and infecting her thumb, but also her nerves, which were now paralyzed. Her inner conscience remained unaffected by this, preserved.

"Oh my," She mumbled to herself.

"I wonder if that man let foreign disease seep into the paper."

With genuine confidence, she neatly folded the paper over, and placed it at the top of the precise pile. Her thumb was now faded, a soft purple, as if being gently choked. It had a light paper cut, not enough to bleed, only display a shadow on the inside of the cut, where the layers of skin overlapped around it. It could very well reflect the empty vessel that is her body, which she did not fill on the inside but decorate on the outside with fine jewelry, polished nails, silk robes, and stale, graying hair twisted back into a golden clip. She traced the design of the clip with her good finger, a smile peeking through her thinning red lips. A special man had given her this. Oh, how special he was. How wealthy he was. His icy hands that made contact with hers the day she received the gift reminded her of her cold past.

And so, she fell into a flashback. See more of Story Wars

her bed, spreading her arms out, like a snow angel. Alas, there is no snow. She is no angel.

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She'll never forget the sin, buried in her childhood memories.
She'll dig it up, year after year, starting from a shovel,
but now a bulldozer, as she climbs the financial world.

It was an autumn evening when she abandoned them.

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